

C II 7

41

No.



35.

Dedicated, by Permission, to
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CORIOLANUS.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>Marcus, &c.</i>	<i>Loutherbourg.. . . .</i>	<i>Hall.</i>
<i>Mrs. Yates in Volum- nia</i>	<i>Burney</i>	<i>Thornthwayte.</i>

BEING THE THIRTY-FIFTH NUMBER OF

BELL's Edition of

SHAKSPERE's WORKS,

Printed complete from the Text of

SAMUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS.

The First Number is The TEMPEST, beautifully embellished.

The Second Number is MEASURE for MEASURE, ditto.

The Third Number is MACBETH, ditto

The Fourth Number is MUCHADO ABOUT NOTHING, ditto.

London: Sold by the Proprietor, BRITISH-LIBRARY, Strand;
Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

The Fifth Number is HAMLET, beautifully embellished.
 The Sixth Number is ROMEO and JULIET, ditto.
 The Seventh Number is the MERCHANT of VENICE, ditto.
 The Eighth Number is the MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR, ditto.
 The Ninth Number is JULIUS CÆSAR, ditto.
 The Tenth Number is MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM, ditto.
 The Eleventh Number is TITUS ANDRONICUS, ditto.
 The Twelfth Number is TWELFTH-NIGHT, ditto.
 The Thirteenth Number is LOVE's LABOUR's LOST, ditto.
 The Fourteenth Number is TIMON of ATHENS, ditto.
 The Fifteenth Number is TROILUS and CRESSIDA, ditto.
 The Sixteenth Number is AS YOU LIKE IT, ditto.
 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
 The Eighteenth Number is the COMEDY of ERRORS, ditto.
 The Nineteenth Number is KING HENRY V. ditto.
 The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
 The Twenty-First Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Second Number is KING HENRY IV. Part II. ditto.
 The Twenty-Third Number is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.
 The Twenty-Fourth Number is CYMBELINE, ditto.
 The Twenty-Fifth No. is ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL, do.
 The Twenty-Sixth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Seventh Number is KING HENRY VI. Part II. ditto.
 The Twenty-Eighth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part III. do.
 The Twenty-Ninth Number is KING RICHARD III. ditto.
 The Thirtieth Number is KING JOHN, ditto.
 The Thirty-First Number is KING HENRY VIII. ditto.
 The Thirty-Second Number is KING RICHARD II. ditto.
 The Thirty-Third Number is The WINTER's TALE, ditto.
 The Thirty-Fourth Number is TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA, do.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an Introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post* quality, on a new *Burgois* Letter, cast and *delicately dressed* on purpose.

onno ,

, onno ,

onno , onno , onno

o o o o o

onno , onno , onno

Act 5.

CORIOLANUS.

Scene 3.



Burney del.^t

Thornthwaite sculp.^t

M^{rs} YATES in the Character of VOLUMNIA.
——— *So we will home to Rome,*
and die among our Neighbours.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Aug^t 22^d 1786.



CORIOLANUS.

Officious and not valiant!

Act I.

Scene VIII.

P.J. de Loutherbourg del.^t

Hall sculp.^t

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, Aug^t 16th 1786.

11A Aug^t 1786

Bell's Edition.

CORIOLANUS,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.



WILKINSHAMPTON:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

WILKINSHAMPTON and GEO. STEPHENS.

And revised from the last Edition.

WILKINSHAMPTON and GEO. STEPHENS.
Printed Complete from the TEXT of
WILKINSHAMPTON and GEO. STEPHENS.
And revised from the last Edition.

DR. ARTHUR JENKINS.

LONDON:

Printed for and sold by the

JOHN BELL, FINEST, ST. ANDREW'S

Bookseller to the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

in the Strand.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

C O R I O L A N U S.

THE whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS,
COMINIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS,
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

Conspirators with Aufidius.

WOMEN.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*



C O R I O L A N U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die, than to furnish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? 10

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

A iij

2 Cits

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 24

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country? 30

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was not for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 39

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

49

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; Would all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ?
Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know we have strong arms too. 60

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state ; whose course will on

The

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
 Of more strong link asunder, than can ever 70
 Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
 houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury,
 to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act
 established against the rich; and provide more pier-
 cing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor.
 If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
 the love they bear us. 85

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale't a little more. 91

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not
 think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't
 please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
 bers
 Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
 That only like a gulph it did remain

I' the

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments 100

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd 109
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?— 120
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what
then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What

What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

130

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain ; 140
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark
me—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all, 150
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their

Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?

You, the great toe of this assembly ?— 160

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost ;

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs :

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, 170
Make yourselves scabs ?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;

Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,

Than

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
 ness,

Deserves your hate : and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust
 ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-
 ter, 190

That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they
 say,

The city is well stor'd:

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say ?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol : who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines : side factions, and
 give out 200

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
 And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,

Below

Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop? 211

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;—

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their
caps 220

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

B

Sicinius

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death !
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing. 230

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to
 vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with other
 Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VE-
 LUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
 told us ;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, 240
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility :

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
 and he

Upon

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, 250
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at 'Tullus' face :

What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred ! 260

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you.

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone !

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow :

The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers, 270

Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant. 280

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 290
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Bru. Come :

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, 300
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not your's ?

310

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think,
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*]

*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;
The people mutinous ; and it is rumour'd,*

B i i j

Cominius,

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

350

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS' House in Rome. Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak : I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

370

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol.

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

379

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow 390
O'er all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit *Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee, 400
And tread upon his neck.

Enter

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,

Than look upon his school-master. 410

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods. 420

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither. 433

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope : yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 441

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; Indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ! 449

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volsces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 461

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to your's, no. 470

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half. 480

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on
the Walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes: 490

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Alarum far off.*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,
ho!

Enter the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows ;

500

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum ; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you ! Herds of boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er : that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !

All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge
home,

511

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and MARCIUS follows them to the
Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good se-
conds :

C

'Tis

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

520

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates ; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword, 530
And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Mar-
cius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish : not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius: 540

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him:— 550

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,

C i j

Piercing

Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical 561
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— 570
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*The Roman Camp. Enter COMINIUS retreating, with
Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we
are come off

Like

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
 Lead their successes as we wish our own; 580
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount-
 ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
 I saw our party to the trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
 since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their
 drums: 590

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volsces
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
 Half an hour since brought my report.

C i i j

Enter

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fled? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus. 600

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, 610
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, 620
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague ! Tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so ? 631

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on what
side

They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, 640
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present ; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 650
Deny

Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded, 660
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. *[Waving his Hand.]*

*[They all shout, and wave their Swords, take him
up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march; 670
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : Keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those sentries to our aid ; the rest will serve For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town. 680

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after ! 690

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.— 700

*[Here they fight, and certain Volsces come to the
Aid of AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS fights till
they be driven in breathless.]*

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. *[Exeunt fighting.]*

SCENE IX.

*The Roman Camp. Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is
sounded. Enter at one Door, COMINIUS, with the
Romans ; at another Door, MARCIUS, with his Arm
in a Scarf, &c.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
'Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the

I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!— 711

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons I
Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. 719
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you
(In sign of what you are, not to reward 731
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth, 740
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS! MAR-*
CIUS! cast up their Caps and Lances: COMI-
NIUS, and LARTIUS, stand bare.]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be 750
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch—which, without note,
Here's many else have done—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ; 760
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him, 770
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power. 780

Com. So, to our tent :
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

D

Lart.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

790

Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

800

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

*The Camp of the Volsces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

810

I would,

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
 Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition !
 What good condition can a treaty find
 I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
 I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;
 And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat.—By the elements,
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
 Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where 820
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way ;
 Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
 poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
 Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up 830
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
 city ;

Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go ?

D i j

Auf.

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove :
 I pray you 840
 ('Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither
 How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.
Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Enter MENENIUS, with SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 10

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baâs like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting. 20

Men. This is strange now : Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file ? Do you ?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now—Will you not be angry ?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience ; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ? 33

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many ; or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O, that you could ! 41

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of

allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurgusses), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 66

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing:

hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves : You are a pair of strange ones. 81

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 101

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—
Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 112

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night!—
A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 121

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes—they fought together, but Aufidius got off, 130

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so Fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son

son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him. 140

Men. Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! pow, wow.

Men. True ! I'll be sworn they are true :—Where is he wounded ? — God save your good worships !
[*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body. 152

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh ;—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : Hark, the trumpets !

[*A Shout, and Flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ; 160
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy army doth lie ;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the General, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an Oaken Garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

170

Com. Look, sir, your mother—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

180

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor.

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[To VALERIA.]

Vol. I know not where to turn : — O welcome home !

And welcome, general !—And you are welcome all !

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come : 190

A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,
That Rome should doat on : yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors ;
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on. 200

Cor. Your hand, and your's :

[To his Wife, and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But

But our Rome will cast upon thee. 210

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [Flourish. Cornets.

[Exeunt in State, as before.

BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prating nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks, win-
dows, 220

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers, 230
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, 240
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours ; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility ;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds 250
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction. 261

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred

E

He

He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows 271
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ? 280

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ; 290
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But

But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people. 299

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't. 308

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice

E i j

and

and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 316

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way—they are coming. 329

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them ; CORIOLANUS, MENE- NIUS, COMINIUS the Consul : SICINIUS and BRU- TUS, as Tribunes, take their Places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscs, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd

By

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself. 341

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length ; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ear ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts 350
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off ;
I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly : 360
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them. 370

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not ?

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit COR.

Men. Masters o' the people, 381
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Comi-
nius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 390
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene, 400
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, 410
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and bye the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit 420
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere

'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ; 430
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul. 441

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please
you,
That I may pass this doing. 450

Sic.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't :
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people. 460

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus!—
Shew them the unaching scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour! 470

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of

Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will. 480

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do : for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members. 490

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd : and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north,

north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly? 503

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 512

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. 526

All. Content, content.

Men.

Men. O sir, you are not right ; Have you not known

The worthiest men have don't ?

Cor. What must I say ?—

530

I pray, sir——Plague upon't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace :—Look, sir ;—my wounds ;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that ; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !

I would they would forget me, like the virtues 540
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all ;

I'll leave you : Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert !

550

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir : 'Twas never my desire yet

To

To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!

559

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir;

What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir: — There's in all two worthy voices begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

570

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,

F

that

that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

587

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
 Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
 To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear, 600
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ; 610
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your
voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the
people ! 620

All. Amen, amen!—God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices !

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tri-
bunes

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd

F i j

To

To meet anon, upon your approbation. 630

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt *COR.* and *MEN.*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 640

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock
us. 650

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
shew in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he : *aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me ;

Your voices therefore ; When we granted that, 660

Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you—

Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,

I have nothing further with you :—Was not this mock-
ery ?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't ?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy ; ever spake against 670

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves : You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love, 680

Standing your friendly lord.

F i i j

Sic.

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking, 710
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you. 721

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between), but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us. 731

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people, 740
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't, 750
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer 760
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
We will be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIO LANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

10

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

20

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart.

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
 them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

30

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the com-
 mons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
 place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

40

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your
 offices?

You

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, 50
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot :
The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How ! I inform them ! 60

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better your's.

Cor. Why then should I be consul ? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir : If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ; 70
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm,

Com.

Com. The people are abus'd :—Set on.—This pal-
t'ring

Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—

Men. Not now, not now.

80

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves : I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

91

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

100

Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

110

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

G

And

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place. 140

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons, 150
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which

Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native 160
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;—*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:— Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles— 170

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while 180
 To unstable slighness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
 you—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of 't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick,

G i j

That's

That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick 189
The sweet which is their poison : Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails 200
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people : [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator, 210
A foe to the publick weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with a Rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would 220

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIO LANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people—Coriolanus, patience:— 230
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people? 240

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

250

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

260

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

271

[CORIOLANUS draws his Sword.

Cor.

Cor. No ; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius ! help,
You that be noble ; help him, young and old !

All. Down with him, down with him ! [*Exeunt.*

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away,
All will be naught else. 281

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid !
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself : Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us. 291

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd) ; not Romans (as they are
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Be gone.

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another,

Cor.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two
tribunes. 300

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone :
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour. 310

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, and COMINIUS.]

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A Noise within.
Here's goodly work !

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed. 320

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

Enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power, 330
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you 340
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good
people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ; 350
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude 360
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :
And, what is left, to lose it by his country, 371
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more :—

380

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

390

Sic. What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come—

Men. Consider this ;—He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

400

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay'down your weapons.

Bru.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way. 411

Men. I'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CORIOLANUS's House. Enter CORIOLANUS, with
Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still 420
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats ; to shew bare heads

In

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace, or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play 43¹
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
 are,
 With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
 The thwartings of your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you. 44¹

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
 thing too rough;
 You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy;
 Unless, by not so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
 I have a heart as little apt as your's, 45⁰
 But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
 To better vantage.

H

Men.

Men. Well said, noble woman :
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ? 460

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ? 470

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because, 480
That now it lies you on to speak to the people :
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which

Which your heart prompts you to ; but with such
words

That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards, and
syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where 499

My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,

I should do so in honour : I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;

And you will rather shew our general lowts

How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 500

Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;

And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than the ears), waving thy head,

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest mulberry, 509

That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,

H ij

Thou

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were your's :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose. 520

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place : and, sir, 'tis
fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit. 530

Vol. He must, and will :—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce ?
Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :

Yet

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind. — To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life. 540

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice 550
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then: 560

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
 But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
 Mother, I am going to the market-place; 569
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit VOLUMNIA.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm your-
 self

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet. 580

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly— [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

Enforce

Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come ? 590

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have. 600

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 610
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru.

Bru. Go about it.— [Exit *Ædile*.
 Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
 Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks 620
 What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
 gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supply'd with worthy men ! plant love among us !
 Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
 And not our streets with war ! 630

Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I
 say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present ?
 Must all determine here ?

Sic.

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices, 640
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter
only.

Men. Consider further, 650
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds ;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ? 660

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men.

Men. Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune ! 670
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

All. To the rock with him ! to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves, 681
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You !

690

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing : Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, Good morrow!

Sic. For that he has

700

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
 I say, it shall be so.

710

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
 friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender, 720
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru.

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so. 729

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders : 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels ;
Making but reservation of yourselves, 740
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.

The People shout, and throw up their Caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

All. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !
hoo !

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight ;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 750
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome. Enter CORIO LANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the Young Nobility of Rome.

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

I

Cor.

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd 20
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not;—adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and 30
Believ't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee. 40

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth,

A cause

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full 50
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch : when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— 60
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Street. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with an
ÆDILE.*

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided

In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

70

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit ÆDILE.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :
Keep on your way.

80

Val. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear ;—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[To BRUTUS.

Vir. [To SICIN.] You shall stay too : I would, I
had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol.

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship 90
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go;—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then? 100
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, 110
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome ; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

120

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself, 130
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman, and a
Volsce.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me :
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

140

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

149

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd!

160

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble

noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country. 169

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

Vol. A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 179

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir ; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House. Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium : City,
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars 189
Have

Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you. 199

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :— 211

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Hall in Aufidius's House. Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest. 221

Re-enter the first Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence
are you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the
door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions ? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away !

230

2 *Serv.* Away ? Get you away.

Cor.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave : I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this ?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on : I cannot get him out o' the house : Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow ? Pray you, avoid the house. 240

Cor. Let me but stand ; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you ?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station : here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid : come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, 250
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not ? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou ?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy !

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that ?

Cor.

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too? 261

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! [Beats him away.

Enter AUFIDIUS, with the Second Serving-Man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?

Thy name? 270

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volsces' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face 280
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou
me yet?

Auf.

Auf. I know thee not :—Thy name ?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus : The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited 290
But with that surname ; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name re-
mains :

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if 300
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight 310
Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be
'Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless 320
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true* ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip 330
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell
thee,

We

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose 340
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war 350
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set down—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st 361
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
 ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :

K i j

Let

Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : Most
welcome ! [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration ! 370

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought—I cannot tell how to term it. 379

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking, as it were—'Would I
were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be
the greater soldier. 391

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that : for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man. 400

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

3 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself. 409

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general

K i i j

is

is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine. 430

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward? 440

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men. 453

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher ; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscies.—They are rising, they are rising. 461

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A publick Place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going 470 About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius ?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he ! O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic.

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd. 480

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours! We wish'd Coriolanus 490

Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-

Self-loving——

500

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports—The Volsces with two several powers 510
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,

And durst not once peep out

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us. 521

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me : 530
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more, 540
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again. 550

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them. 560

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men. What's the news ; what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news ?—— 570

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your
news ?

If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces——

Com. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,

Or

Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work, 580
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work !

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist, 590
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate, 601
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
hands,
You, and your crafts ! you have crafted fair !

Com.

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help. 610

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We lov'd him ; but, like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
'They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer :—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
'That Rome can make against them. 620

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters !—
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip ; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;
If he could burn us all into one coal, 630
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

L

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices! 640

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exit COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him. 651

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small Distance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, 660
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended. 670

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, 680
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators, and patricians, love him too :
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people 690
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature, 700
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war : but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd : But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :

And

And power, unto itself most commendable, 710
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Right's by right fouler, strengths by strength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A publick Place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with others.*

Menenius.

No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 11
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected : He reply'd, 21
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, 30
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make, 41
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—

50

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then 60
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, 70
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burn Rome : and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him :
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,
 He sent in writing after me ; what he would not, 80
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
 So that all hope is vain ;
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Volscian Camp. Enter MENENIUS to the Watch, or
 Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay : Whence are you ?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by
 your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come 90
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch.* From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return : our
 general

Will

Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, 100
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is, Menenius.

1 Watch. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your
name
Is not here passable

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified ;
For I have ever verify'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes, 110
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing : Therefore, fel-
low,

I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous
to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general. 121

2 Watch.

2 *Watch*. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch*. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is. 128

1 *Watch*. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon. 141

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *Watch*. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch*. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter

Enter CORIO LANUS, with AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter? 150

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away! 170

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, 180

[*Gives him a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
 Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.

Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
 You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keep-
 ing your greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to
 swoon? 191

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your gene-
 ral: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's
 any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by
 himself, fears it not from another. Let your general
 do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and
 your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as
 I was said to, Away! [Exit.

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him. 199

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is
 the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tent. Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you. 210

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, 220
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

M

Enter

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, and young MARCIUS, with Attendants, all in Mourning.

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth ? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am
not

231

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod : and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volscies
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

240

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !

250

Now

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth !

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee ; and improperly 260
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ! to your corrected son !
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars : then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;

270

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

[*Pointing to VALERIA.*

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,

[*Shewing young MARCIUS.*

Which by the interpretation of full time

M i j

May

May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform 280
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ; 290
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that 300
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol.

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should 310

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray, 319
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets ; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed 329
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till

M i i j

These

These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time. 340

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn
 us,

As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit 350
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volsces
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ—*The man was noble,* 360
But

*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak : Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man 369
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
 world

More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so, 380
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end ;
 This is the last :—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship, 390
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volsce unto his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !—

[Holds her by the Hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene 400
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal. 410

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honour

At

At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ; 420

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol ; yon corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ? 400

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-
cius

cius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings;
he's more than a creeping thing. 441

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks,
he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks be-
fore his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery.
He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.
What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding.
He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a hea-
ven to throne in. 452

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male ty-
ger; and that shall our poor city find; and all this is
'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us! 459

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good
unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not
them: and, he returning to break our necks, they
respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if

The

The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news!—The ladies have
prevail'd, 470

The Volsces are dislodg'd and Marcius gone :
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire :
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you !

[Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.

The trumpets, sacbuts, psalteries, and fifes, 480
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! *[A Shout within.*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[Sound still, with the Shouts.

Sic.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings :
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

491

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the
Stage, &c. &c.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother: 500
Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick Place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Dispatch.—Most
welcome !

510

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.

1 Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

520

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

530

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,

N

When

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, 540
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory— 551

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts
of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise, 560

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ; 570
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin : and give away 580
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding : This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Nij

Enter

Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to 590
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought
home,

Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans : And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree 600
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius ; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome 610
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother :

Breaking

Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha ! 620

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes imprest upon him ; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak. 630

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscs, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscs in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ? 640

All

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Crowd speak promiscuously.*

He kill'd my son—My daughter—He kill'd my cousin
Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace.—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth : His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him, 650
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
MARCIUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords. 661

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded 670
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, 681
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of MARCIUS. A dead
March sounded.*]

THE END.



Reasons for Printing this WORK, and Observations on it's Propriety.

In the first Place, The Publisher is ambitious of producing a Work which may attract the admiration of all Europe, in hopes of deriving a proportionate share of reputation and advantage to himself; he, therefore, fixes on our immortal Dramatic Bard.

Secondly, A polite and well-informed Class of Readers having declared it as their opinion, that SHAKSPERE has been *elucidated* into *obscurity*, suggested first the design of printing his Plays, *entire, cleared* from the incumbrance and interruption of Notes.—The text of Dr. JOHNSON, and Mr. STEEVENS, is consequently preferred, which, as Mr. MALONE observes, seems now, indeed, *finally settled*, by a diligent collation of all the old copies hitherto discovered, and the judicious restoration of ancient readings.—The rejection of all Notes, *from the page of the Text*, is even approved by Dr. JOHNSON himself, who says, that “The reader is seldom pleased to find his
“opinion anticipated—it is natural to delight more in what we find,
“or make, than in what we receive.—Judgment, like other facul-
“ties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by
“submission to dictatorial decisions.”

In order to obviate every possible objection, and to accommodate this Edition to the taste of every reader—the *Prefaces, Introductions, Advertisements*—the *historical and literary information* of every Editor of SHAKSPERE, of which there have not been less than *eight*, as well as the Notes and critical Illustrations of every *Commentator*, of which there are upwards of *thirty*—will be printed in a *distinct, compact, and clear point of view*, referring familiarly from Text to Notes, and from Commentaries to Text, by the mode of printing—so that, in fact, this Edition will comprise the *labours* of *eight* EDITORS, and the *elucidations* of, at least, *thirty* ANNOTATORS.

As to the Embellishments, they will be new and magnificent. The Public have much to expect from the superior talents of Mr. LOUTHERBOURG—his having long lived in habits of intimacy with Mr. GARRICK, his familiarity with the stage, and dramatic effect, added to the RENOWN he has acquired in *every line* of his profession, promises to soar still higher on the present occasion.

The Engravings of Mr. BARTOLOZZI are secure of praise and admiration in every part of the world; and the rest shall be as near his standard of merit, as the Artists of England and France can produce.

Such is the design, and the Publisher confidently hopes, that the execution of it will transcend his feeble description.—He is aware of having many impediments opposed to its circulation, through the usual channels of the trade; he foresees a host of foes, and the powerful opponents with whom he must, in consequence, have to combat—but, shielded as he is by a firm resolution, and the spirit of his cause, he will boldly meet his adversaries, and vindicate his claim to public protection.

JOHN BELL.

A LIST of AUTHORS contained in BELL'S
beautiful EDITION of

The POETS of Great-Britain,

Which comprises the POETICAL WORKS complete, of every
Author of eminence, from CHAUCER, inclusive, who died in the
year 1400, to CHURCHILL, inclusive, who died in the year 1764,
with the Life of each Author in the first Volume of their respective
Works.—Prices of complete Sets to be had of the Publisher,
British-Library, Strand.

Complete Sets, one hundred and nine volumes, neatly sewed and titled.....	£	s.	d.
Ditto, Calf, double lettered.....	8	8	0
Ditto, Calf, gilt.....	12	12	0
Ditto, Calf, gilt, elegantly marbled and registered.....	13	13	0
Ditto, bound superbly in Morocco, gilt edges.....	16	16	0
	33	0	0

CHAUCER... 14 vols	£1	1	0
SPENSER..... 8 do.	0	12	0
DONNE..... 3 do.	0	4	6
WALLER..... 2 do.	0	3	0
MILTON..... 4 do.	0	6	0
BUTLER..... 3 do.	0	4	6
DENHAM..... 1 do.	0	1	6
COWLEY..... 4 do.	0	6	0
DRYDEN..... 3 do.	0	4	6
ROSCOMMON. 1 do.	0	1	6
BUCKINGHAM 1 do.	0	1	6
KING..... 2 do.	0	3	0
PRIOR..... 3 do.	0	4	6
LANSDOWN. 1 do.	0	1	6
POMFRET..... 1 do.	0	1	6
SWIFT..... 4 do.	0	6	0
CONGREVE .. 1 do.	0	1	6
ADDISON..... 1 do.	0	1	6
ROWE..... 1 do.	0	1	6
WATTS..... 7 do.	0	10	6
PHILIPS, J. } 1 do.	0	1	6
SMITH			
PARNELL..... 2 do.	0	3	0
GARTH. 1 do.	0	1	6
HUGHES..... 2 do.	0	3	0
FENTON..... 1 vol.	£0	1	6
TICKELL..... 1 do.	0	1	6
SOMERVILLE. 2 do.	0	3	0
POPE..... 4 do.	0	6	0
GAY..... 3 do.	0	4	6
BROOME..... 1 do.	0	1	6
YOUNGE..... 4 do.	0	6	0
SAVAGE..... 2 do.	0	3	0
PITT..... 1 do.	0	1	6
THOMSON..... 2 do.	0	3	0
PHILIPS, A.... 1 do.	0	1	6
DYER..... 1 do.	0	1	6
WEST, GILB. 1 do.	0	1	5
LYTTELTON. 1 do.	0	1	6
HAMMOND, } 1 do.	0	1	6
COLLINS,			
MOORE..... 1 do.	0	1	6
SHENSTONE .. 2 do.	0	3	0
MALLET..... 1 do.	0	1	6
ARMSTRONG. 1 do.	0	1	6
GRAY, } 1 do.	0	1	6
WEST, R.			
AKENSIDE,... 2 do.	0	3	0
CUNNINGHAM 1 do.	0	1	6
CHURCHILL.. 3 do.	0	4	6

In all one hundred and nine volumes, including fifty Authors,
being every English Classic published within a series of four hundred
years.

Any Author or single volume may be had separate, price One
Shilling and Sixpence each.

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Coriolanus

London 1786

Coburg, Landesbibliothek -- C II 7/71

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11919512-6